

LITERARY.

[From the Sabbath School Instructor.]
THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

There was a little boy who was blind. There was
an Asylum for blind children in Boston, but the
Directors refused to admit him because he was colored.

Mother, dear mother, do let me go!
You promised last week that I should, you know,
When you told me how happy the blind boys are,
How they sport and play, and are free from care,
And go every where with no need to read,
And sing like a bird from their little cage freed—
Mother, do let me go!

They pay the blind boy, they weep for his woe—
I would, my son, but the men say, No!
And love to give (if his skin is white).
To his darkened mind, truth's holy light.
But now can they see through your sunny skin,
To be perfectly sure there's a soul within?
And to teach a brute—why, 'twould be a sin—
So the kind hearted men say, No!

But mother, I know I've got a soul!
It burns in my breast like a living coal—
It restlessly struggles, and pants to leap out
From its prison so dreary to wander about:
Let me go to the men, for although they can't see
My soul through my skin, yet they can set it free!
Oh, when I can read, how delightful 'twill be—
But how gloomy 'tis now!

My son, it would do you no good to go—
I begged them with tears—but they answered, 'No;
For how can the children whose skins are white,
In their studies and sports with a black boy unite?
They would hate him so much that they could not
stay;
It would break up their work and spoil their play,
And their parents would come and take them away.'

So 'twill do no good to go.
But how will they know I am not white?
Can they learn (as they do to read and write)
By their finger ends? And, mother, did they
Who gave them their houses and money ever say,
That a black outside was good reason why
A blind boy's mind in darkness should lie?
Did they do what they ought for the soul that can't
die?

Or thought they alone of the skin?
I would tell you, my child, but I never been taught;
The same questions I asked, but they answered them
not;
They told me—and scornfully bade me go back—
'They had no nothing to do with a boy that was
black.'
But though life's richest blessings you never can
enjoy,
And still must remain a blind negro boy,
Be contented, my son, for 'tis certainly true,
That many with eyes are far blinder than
you!

[From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

THE AGED SLAVE.

A preacher travelling through the Southern States,
was rowed across a ferry by a pious old negro, who
had labored hard through early manhood and middle
age to purchase freedom for himself and his wife,
and he mourned that old age, and loss of strength,
would compel him to leave all his children in slavery.
He laid his hand on his breast and said, 'Master has
all my strength, and I have these old bones.'

His head was white and his eyes were dim,
And his face was marked by woe;
The vigor of youth had passed from him,
And labor had bent him low.

He gave the oars his remnant of strength
As the shallop left the shore,
And he told his tale of grief at length
Ere the stream was ferried o'er.

He looked on one, with his eyes' dim ray,
That he never shall see again,
Until the break of an endless day,
Far beyond the tyrant's reign.

'Master,' he said, 'you're a child of God,
His seal is upon your face;
Poor negro has left his chastening rod,
And gloried too in his grace.'

'The sign that rose upon master's brow
Rejoice'd o'er a freeborn babe,
But the light that broke when I was born
Look'd down on a fetter'd slave.'

'I grew apace to my latter lot,
Too soon felt my heavy chain,
And soon I cried, Oh why will not
Earth take back her child again?

'I thought, perhaps, if I bent to toil,
That Heaven might let me see
A day in which I could tread the soil,
And breathe the air of the free.'

'I toil'd at morn and I toil'd at eve,
And I toil'd in the mid-day sun—
I rested not when they gave me leave,
And said that my work was done.'

'I yielded not to the summer's heat,
Nor turn'd from the winter's frost,
Nor shelter'd myself from storms that beat,
Lest a copper should be lost.'

'I paid for myself, I have paid for my wife,
But our souls are nearly paid,
And the freedom I've bought at the end of life
Will have come with my setting sun.'

He smote his breast, with his eyes on high,
In a voice of subdued tones
Said, 'Master has all my strength, and I
Have nothing but these old bones.'

Time adds a weight to each month that rolls;
We soon shall rest in our graves;
We trust in Christ to receive our souls,
But we leave our children slaves.

P. S.

POETRY FOR THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.

Winter now resumes his reign,
And hushes his minions,
Bids Boreas scour his shuddering realm
On figurative pinions.

The blinding snow comes slanting down,
By howling tempests goaded,
And seems to cut like pigeon shot
From fowling piece exploded.

Though cold invincible prevails,
Enough to freeze hard cattle,
Fashion's fair votaries breast his shock,
As boxers stir for battle.

Now many a periphrastic cough
Contracted by presumption,
Takes many a brilliant beauty off,
By galling consumption.

Dear Miss, would you a husband have,
And would not treat the man ill,
In good, thick, home-spun flannel.

LOVE.

BY THOMAS MORRIS.

If there's on earth a cure
For the sick heart, 'tis this—day after day
To be the best companion of thy way!
To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
Those virtuous eyes forever turn'd on me;
And in their light, re-echo'd silently,
Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grows pure by being purely shone upon!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHEROKEES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4, 1835.

In the Senate this morning, Mr. Clay read
a memorial from a portion of the Cherokee
Indians, praying Congress to grant them
territory west of the Mississippi, and the
means of emigrating thither.—In introduc-
ing this memorial, Mr. Clay took occasion to
give his views upon the relations existing
between our own government and the Indi-
an nations within our borders—not only in
reference to Indians who were inclined to
emigrate to the west, but to those also who
wished to remain on their native soil.

Taken together, the whole debate arising
from the presentation of the subject to the
Senate, and from the resolutions, which Mr.
Clay offered at the close of his remarks, was
one of surpassing interest; but it should
have been heard, and its effects upon the
crowded audience convened in the Senate
chamber, seen, to be fully appreciated.

Mr. Clay read sundry extracts from the
various treaties which have at various periods
been concluded between our own Govern-
ment and the Indian nations within the
territorial limits of the United States; show-
ing most clearly that the rights they claim,
of peaceable possession of their own territory,
their own customs, their own mode of
government, their own laws, have been sol-
emnly guaranteed to them by the good faith
and honor of the United States, in consider-
ation of benefits which the latter govern-
ment is now enjoying, without having dis-
charged the conditions upon which those
benefits were obtained. He drew a most
touching picture of the present situation and
condition of the Cherokee nation, whose
people had made rapid strides in civilization,
and depicted their entire destitution of po-
litical or civil rights; situated as they are,
in the midst of a State, whose courts of jus-
tice were closed against them, where posts
of honor, trust, or profit, were denied them,
and whose policy toward them had ever
been most oppressive and severe. He de-
clared this a fitting subject for the legislative
interference of the general government.

He would open the United States' Courts to
a people protected by our solemn treaties—
he would give them justice, and in their
name begged it at the hands of the Legisla-
ture. Mr. Clay concluded his remarks, and
in the course of which he had himself been
more than once moved to tears by excess
of emotion from the affecting picture he
had so vividly drawn, by offering two resolu-
tions proposing to instruct the Committee
on Indian Affairs to propose a bill to meet
the wishes of the memorialists, and to sup-
ply a mode of redress to the Indians for in-
fringements of existing treaties on the part
of any portion of the people of the United
States.

Mr. Cuthbert of Georgia, the new Sena-
tor, took the floor to reply to Mr. Clay. His
seat is in the back range of desks, but he
came forward into the area before the clerk's
table, and, in a position I have never seen
occupied by any other Senator, in a loud
hoarse voice, something between a shout, a
scream, and a growl, demanded 'what new
part will Roscius next enact?' Without a
single reference to the subject matter of Mr.
Clay's remarks, or to the merits of the ques-
tion involved in them—namely, laying all
discussion of that question out of view, as a
matter, which the sovereign State of Georgia
would never admit the right of the govern-
ment of the United States to interfere
with,—this Boanergian Orator commenced
and carried through one of the most absurdly
ridiculous pantomimes you ever saw, by
way of fastening upon Henry Clay the im-
putation of having made a speech for effect!

Recollect his position, in the centre of the
Hall,—imagine his voice, like the staccato
eruptions of a volcano, or a *feu de joie* of
blunderbusses—his manner, too, thrashing
and dashing like Quixotte's when he fought
the windmills, and moreover take into view
that he said not a word on the merits of the
question before the Senate—and you can
form some idea of Mr. Clay's new Mentor
upon elocution and parliamentary order.
Having finished his tirade, the Senator
bowed into his seat, with a most self-satis-
fied smile. If Henry Clay is not dumb after
this, thought he, the dumb is in it! I could
not help thinking of John Holmes's tragical
fate at the hands of your Mr. Cilley.

After Mr. Cuthbert's explosion, Judge
White, of Tennessee, addressed the Senate.
He boldly took the ground, that emigration
was the only thing to be thought of by the
Indians. He was for allowing them territory
in that part of the country not belonging
to individual states, and for protecting them
in their enjoyment of that territory. So he
was in favor of the petition of the present
memorialists.—But as to the Resolution of
Mr. Clay, relative to the resident Indians,
he took other ground. He declared it as his
opinion that the treaties which Mr. Clay
had read extracts, were no treaties at all,
within the meaning of the Constitution, of the
United States; that the guaranty given in
them to the Indians, it was not in the power
of the National Government to give, without
the consent of the individual States affected
thereby; and of course, he argued, Congress
has no right to legislate on the subject. His
speech was long, and thorough in the ad-
vancement and support of doctrines, which,
however palatable they may be to southern
appetites, can find little acceptance north
of Mason and Dixon's line.

Mr. Benton said he wished 'to bring the
voice of Jefferson into the Senate,' on this
subject, and read a passage from that writer,
which was entirely irrelevant to the matter
in hand, and then—he sat down again, to the
relief of the audience, as well as of the
Senate.

Mr. Clay replied,—(not to Mr. Benton—
he never throws away his time and breath so
idly)—and addressed himself in the first
place to the Senator from Georgia, to whom
he simply said, the Senate would judge
which of the two had been most studious of
mere effect and declamation, to the exclu-
sion of all relevance to the subject before
the House,—in the remarks which had severally
made.

The Senator from Georgia, had not allud-
ed to the merits of the question under dis-
cussion, but had purposely laid them out of
view, as being no concern of the National
Legislature. Of course, he had but little to
say to that Senator. As to the remarks of
Judge White, he would only say, if the
views taken by that Senator were correct,
he ought not, most certainly, to be unwilling
that the question upon which they arise
should be tried and settled in our Courts. A
hearing of the question, and a decision by
the proper tribunals, upon its merits were all
he desired, in the name of the memorialists.
In his closing remarks, as well as in those
already described, Mr. Clay was eloquent,
impressive, and deeply affecting. I never
listened to a more persuasive appeal to the
best and deepest feelings and sentiments of

the heart. The Chamber was full, the
House being nearly deserted by its members,
who had flocked to hear the debate. Am-
ong the audience, I observed the party of
Indian ladies and gentlemen, whom I have
before mentioned to you as being the object
of much attraction, in the first circles here.
They are Native Cherokees, quite civilized,
very intelligent, and much interested in this
important question. Miss Martineau was
also an interesting auditor of the debate.
After a few closing remarks from Mr. Cuth-
bert, the resolutions and memorial were
read. They will hereafter come up in order
for discussion, as to their reference.—Corre-
spondent of the Portland Advertiser.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The acting Governor of Michigan has ad-
dressed to the Legislative Council of the
Territory, the annual Executive Message,
in which he recommends a continuance of
exertions towards taking their place among
the States of the Union. The following ex-
tract will show the opinion of the acting
Governor, on the subject of imprisonment
for debt.

'At your last session, I recommended for
your consideration the propriety of abolish-
ing imprisonment for debt; and at that time
stated, that I considered the imprisonment
of a free citizen in any civil action without
crime, and perhaps for unavoidable misfor-
tune, to be a flagrant violation of personal
liberty, and at war with the spirit and genius
of our republican institutions. My views on
the subject remain unaltered. I do not hesi-
tate to avow them, confident that I commit
them to minds neither poisoned by the streams
of ancient sophistry, nor prejudiced by the
doctrine that slavery and the bitterness of
oppression are elements essential to the ex-
istence of the fairer contrast of liberty.'

If they can exist without it, may not the
people of this country live under a similar
exemption? The federal constitution ex-
pressly denounces all privileged classes of
citizens. Let then the people be equally
free from that unmerited degradation, which
is not permitted to reach the titled orders of
England.'

The War.—The nation is now about go-
ing to war with France, and for what? The
sum of \$5,000,000, due to citizens now in-
terested in commerce to ten times that
amount, so that a war with France to re-
cover the five millions, will jeopard five millions.
But will it secure the five millions? Un-
doubtedly not. War seldom secures the
object for which it is declared. But the na-
tion, it is said, is called upon in defence of
its honor, to appeal to arms. If the question
is one of national honor and national inter-
est, let the government put into the hands
of the commissioners the five millions of
dollars, for a *pro rata* distribution among the
claimants, under the violated treaty. As for
the nation's going to war with France to
benefit the merchants, it is out of the ques-
tion. Such a proposition reminds us of a
story, perhaps familiar to most of our read-
ers:

A nobleman discovered one of his tenants
in a state of perplexity, and enquired the
cause. He was informed that several foxes
had got into his wheat and rye fields, and
had committed spoliations there. 'I'll take
care of that matter,' said his lordship. He
went home, brought out his hunting steed
and his full pack of hounds, and at it they
went, and what with the foxes and the hun-
ters, there was nothing left of the grain for
the farmer.—U. S. Gazette.

Infancy.—What is more beautiful than an
infant? Look at its spotless brow; at its
soft and ruddy lips, which have never ut-
tered an unwholesome word—and at its blue laughing
eye, as it lays on the breast of its fond mother.
Look! it is stretched out its white hand,
and is playfully twisting her hair around its
tiny fingers. Look at an infant! it is inno-
cence endowed with life; the counterpart of
holiness. It requires nothing but the pleas-
ant look of its mother and her warm kiss
upon its lily cheek to make it happy. You
may talk to it of sorrow, of misery, of death,
but your words are unmeaning.

It has never felt the chills of disappoint-
ment, it has never writhed beneath the pang
of affliction, and its guileless heart knows
nothing of the emptiness, the hollow profes-
sions, and cold heartedness of the world, and
would to God that the cup may be broken
ere it be lifted to its lips.

Hymenial.—Extraordinary.—In the vicinity
of Connersville, Indiana, on Thursday
last, by the Hon. J. M. Treadway, Mr. Isaac
Marts to Miss Lavina McCormick, and by the
same at the same time and place, Mr. Moses
Marts to Miss Tabitha McCormick, all of that
county.

Cupid is an eccentric as well as a mis-
chievous and frolicsome rogue. It is said
he is blind—but we shall forever doubt it,
after the striking coincidence he has perpe-
trated in the aforesaid matches. Messrs.
Isaac and Moses are twin brothers; Misses
Lavina and Tabitha are twin sisters. The
first pair are the older born, the second pair
the younger born. The brothers were born
on the 27th day of May, 1812; the sisters
were born on the 27th day of May, 1816;
all were married on the 27th day of May,
1834. The brothers resemble each other so
nearly, as also the sisters, that Judge T.
tells us it puzzled him exceedingly to tell
which was which.

Schr. Evening Edition.—Most of our read-
ers will remember this fine schooner, which
was built some three or four years since, ex-
pressly for the Journal of Commerce, and
employed as a news-boat until foreign news
for the time being had become too uninter-
esting to justify an annual expenditure of
\$10,000 by a single establishment. After
we had withdrawn her from the service, she
was chartered by one of our mercantile
houses, and sent Express to the River Plate
in South America. She effected her pas-
sage in good time, and accomplished the ob-
ject of her expedition. We then sold her,
and we now learn that she is on the coast of
Africa, engaged in the SLAVE TRADE!!
It will be difficult for any cruiser to over-
haul her, as she is one of the fastest sailers
that ever left this port. She is only 80 tons
burthen.

The King of Bavaria, the petty autocrat
and subservient tool of the Holy Alliance,
has forbidden to be circulated within his
realm that immortal work of Goldsmith's,
so pure in its moral, so simple and affecting
in its narrative—the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD!
Another plume to that great writer with
this interdiction be to his reputation; the ex-
tension and duration of which, among all minds
that are free and noble on the earth, the tiny
monarch might as well attempt to check as
to arrest the hurricane with his hand, or put
out the light of heaven by his lilliputian
edicts.—New-York Star.

HATS OFF!

In the (Methodist) Zion's Herald of Bos-
ton, under date of Jan. 16th, we find a let-
ter from a correspondent in Montreal, de-
scribing a Catholic procession. He says:

'The procession was very long—probably
a mile. First came a standard, borne by
three monks, on one side of which was the
hymeneal of Christ, and on the other that of
the Virgin Mary. These walked at the head
of the procession, in the middle of the street.
In the street were the apostles, dressed in
black, with a white robe over their shoulders.
The incense bearers frequently bowed to the
bishop, who PERSONATED CHRIST!! The
ground was strewn with flowers. Now came
the bishop. Before, by two men, was borne
a false sun, as emblematical of the rays
which encircled the Savior's brow. He fol-
lowed close behind. Over his head was
raised a canopy, much resembling the top of
a stage coach, with four long legs, support-
ed by FOUR MEN. Then followed the band,
the Catholic lawyers, the citizens, and Irish
and French in a huge crowd.

'Many were knocked down and otherwise
bruised for not taking off their hats.'

Probably the Protestant citizens of Mon-
treal, have not yet been instructed into the
fact, that it is an 'outrage' for them not to
bow to the bishop!! We are likely to un-
derstand the subject better.—Cincinnati
Journal.

French Navy.—The vessels which com-
posed the fleet in the month of April, 1833,
were

33 ships of the line, of which 8 three deck-
ers,
38 frigates, of which 13 of the first class,
19 corvettes, of from 20 to 32 guns.
10 corvettes, of 18 guns.
32 brigs, of 16, 18 and 20 guns.
3 schooners, of 12 guns.
20 steam vessels, 6 guns.
There are building, moreover, 24 ships of
the line, of which 3 are first rates.
26 frigates.
3 steam vessels.

Inducement to Matrimony.—A Texas let-
ter writer states that the tide of emigration
to that country from the United States is
very great. Nor can this be a matter of
surprise when it is added that the Mexican
government assigns to each settler, if mar-
ried, a league square, 4446 acres of land as
a bounty. If the emigrant be a single man
when he arrives, he gets only 1110 acres—
but if he gets married afterwards, he re-
ceives the very pretty dowry, not from the
bride, but from the government, of 3336
acres more!

**Destruction of Queen Ann's county (Md.)
Alms-house.**—The alms-house of this county
was discovered on fire on Wednesday morn-
ing last, and was completely destroyed, to-
gether with a quantity of property. The
Centreville Times describes the scene as
heart sickening. 'Here and there, in the
open field, and the cold intense, but with
scanty covering, were the old, the afflicted
and the orphan, spread out in all their help-
lessness and misery, uttering piercing sighs
and groans. On some of the beds were the
sick and the almost dying, one poor fellow was
hardly able to raise his head, and was car-
ried on his bed by four persons; he had been
ill with the typhus two weeks—another bed
contained a poor woman, in one of the most
trying scenes of female life—children of all
ages, and with various diseases, were run-
ning to and fro, and the sight of two little
barefoot girls, the elder not six years old,
who had run away into a woods half a mile
off, and when found were almost frozen,
brought tears to our eyes.'

Sober vs. Drunk.—On Thursday last, two
brigs destined to a foreign port were ready
for sea. They lay near together, and one
steamer was to have taken them both to the
Hook. The crew of one brig came on board
hale and hearty, and she has now been three
days on her voyage with a good wind. The
crew of the other brig came on board so
much intoxicated, that the captain did not
dare to venture himself and the property in
their hands, and she lies at the wharf still.
So much for the good, rum does to sailors.—
Journal of Commerce.

An Old Musk.—A musket has been re-
cently found in Gum Swamp, near Camden,
S. C., which was identified as being once the
property of a French negro, named Levi, who
accompanied Gen. Lafayette to this country
on his first arrival here, and who continued
in the service to the end of the war. The
musket was hidden by him after the defeat
of General Gates, being too cumbersome to
carry. The barrel was eaten through by the
centre by rust, and notwithstanding its long
burial in a damp soil, yet the powder within
which it was loaded, exploded by application
of fire.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

Duels at Washington.—Letters state that
Mr. Jarvis, of Maine, challenged F. O. J.
Smith to 'mortal combat' on Thursday morn-
ing last. Mr. Lytle of Ohio was the bearer
of the challenge. Smith refused to fight be-
cause he considered Jarvis no gentleman.
Mr. Lytle then, according to 'ancient usage,'
challenged Smith, but he declined fighting,
on the ground that he had never injured
Lytle. It is added, that two other Members
of Congress exchanged cards on the same
morning.

Alexander's Monument at St. Petersburg.—
The height of this monument to the top of
the cross, is 154 feet, and the whole shaft of
the column, formed of one stone, is 84 feet.
The height of the other most celebrated pil-
lars, composed of a single stone, are those
in front of the Pantheon at Rome, which are
46 English feet; one at Isaac's Church at
Petersburg, 56; Cleopatra's Needle, 63;
Pompey's Pillar, at Alexandria, 68; the Obelisk
at St. Peter's, Rome, 78; the Obelisk at
Munich, erected last year, by command of
the King, 100 Bavarian feet.

Brimstone for Cattle.—Dr. Bartlett: It is
probably not known to many of our farmers,
that brimstone is valuable for cattle in keep-
ing them free from ticks. These vermin are
not only filthy in their appearance, but an in-
jury to the cattle. A piece of brimstone as
large as a grain of corn, well pulverized, given
in a little grain of salt, will cause them to
drop off, and prevent others from getting on
for eight or ten days. I consider brimstone
as necessary for a cow in summer, as salt.—
So. Planter.

The town of Randolph in Tennessee was
some time since sued for and recovered by a
lady in the State of New-York. It has been
granted as a bounty to a negro belonging to
this lady or her family for services rendered
by him during the revolutionary war. The
matter has been adjusted by the town paying
eight thousand dollars.

Sunday Schools.—It is strange that any
one should be opposed to Sunday Schools.
It is strange that any parent should neglect
to send his children to such schools. We
know that idle objections are solemnly ad-
duced against them, and political fears are
felt or affected at their extent. Nonsense!
Will our country ever suffer because her
sons are intelligent? Will she ever have
reason to regret that they are pious? These
unostentatious schools may be the instru-
ments of her salvation. Give us light, and
liberty is safe.

Slavery.—The citizens of the eastern and
middle states are petitioning Congress to
abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.
This is right; it ought never to have been
tolerated there for a single year. Let Con-
gress purchase every slave in the District,
whose master will not otherwise part with
him, and colonize them here. Above all, let
them banish every negro driver from the Dis-
trict. Too long have they been tolerated
there.—St. Louis Observer.

New-England Telegraph.—The editor of
this able and independent religious journal
says:

After mature deliberation, and advice
with others, I have come to the determina-
tion—*Deo volente*—to issue the next volume
of the Telegraph in the form of a MAGA-
ZINE, and to publish it in monthly numbers,
of THIRTY-TWO OCTAVO PAGES each. It is in-
tended they shall be stitched, with printed
covers, and trimmed, so as to prevent the in-
convenience and waste of cutting, or rather
tearing them open; and the form will render
them convenient to preserve and bind. The
volume will then consist of 384 pages, and
will come to those who pay in advance, at
only \$1.50 per year.

The Methodists alone in England during
the last eight months, have raised \$36,000
for the purpose of extending Christianity and
instruction among the negroes of the West
Indies. Other sects with the Archbishop of
Canterbury at the head, only about \$5,000.
Why have the poor Methodists done so much
more than the rich beneficiaries of the es-
tablished church? Does it not evince their
sincere and practical piety? Suppose some
of the fat bishopricks should disgorge for
this purpose, a portion of their enormous
personal income.—N. York Star.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of
prudence, the sister of temperance, and the
parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will
quickly become poor, and poverty will en-
force dependence and invite corruption. It
will almost produce a passive compliance
with the wickedness of others, and there are
a few who do not learn by degrees to prac-
tise those crimes which they cease to cen-
sure.

The Figure Head.—The Boston Reformer
states, that it is now satisfactorily ascer-
tained that the decapitation of the figure head
of the frigate Constitution at Charlestown,
Mass., was performed by an individual, who
for a sum of money agreed to deliver the
head on a certain day before two o'clock, or
to lose his life in the attempt.

A Startling Fact.—The army of office-
holders has usually been estimated at forty
thousand! but according to Mr. Calhoun's
able Report on Executive Patronage, the
number of persons receiving emolument or
compensation from Government, was in 1833,
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND AND NINE!!

A new mode of staining paper, or orna-
menting rooms, has just been adopted in
Paris. By means of wet or liquefied saw-
dust, a very beautiful appearance is given
to wainscoting, equal it is said, to that caus-
ed by the most expensive paper.

The New-York Daily Advertiser says—
'Large quantities of counterfeit \$5 gold
pieces are in circulation. A friend of ours took
two yesterday, neither of which would be
observed from their general appearance. To
us they have the appearance of real gold.'

All discussion is the touchstone of truth,
and is constantly necessary to prevent indif-
ference, and to shake the overgrown influ-
ence of authority; and by it, whatever false-
hood there may be in doctrines will be made
to disappear.

Great Fires in Baltimore.—The Baltimore
Athenaeum was burnt at noon on Saturday,
together with the philosophical apparatus of
the Maryland Institute, and the library of
the Baltimore Lyceum. The extensive chair
factory of Jacob Daly was burnt the preced-
ing night.

The Dey of Algiers, who had for some
time lived in retirement at Alexandria, died
suddenly in that city on the 30th October
last. His still immense wealth, which he
would seem to have hoarded, he bequeathed
to his son, who is now in the city, and who
will terminate so fatally for his ex-High-
ness.

A slave-ship, with upwards of 500 slaves,
was recently carried into Rio by a British
cruiser, who had captured her on the coast
of Africa.

It appears by the annual address of the
Mayor of Boston, that the city debt on the
31st Jan. was \$1,265,164, the whole of which,
except 100,000, has been created since the
city was incorporated. The annual taxation
is \$9 40 on \$1000.

The price of Negroes is said to be nu-
merally high at this time in North Carolina.
At a recent public sale in that State, of a lot
of twenty, the prices ranged as high as 800
dollars, cash, for prime slaves.

Horatio Merchant, a Justice of Peace at
Albany, has lately married an Irish girl to a
colored man. He was shortly after seized
by a mob, who blackened his face, in token
of their displeasure.

[For the Liberator.]

DIED.—In Washington, on the 27th of January,
Mary M. Wormley, in the 18th year of her age.
The writer of this brief notice knew the deceased
from early childhood, to the time of her death, and can
say that but few persons of her age possessed in
life gliding smoothly on, and reader death triumphant
happy. But a few months since, the friends of
the deceased were summoned to mourn the death of
her much-loved brother; but let them not sorrow as
those who have no hope—their bereavement is her
great gain. If a calmness unsurpassed, a resigna-
tion seldom witnessed in a dying hour, he evidences
of an eternal bliss, then well may those who witness
her death say she now rests in the arms of her
Redeemer. For her life